

Kapulu Volume II : Armour of the
Seeker – Coalescence as a Theorem
Unification

A Play

By

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Time and the Legion of Unity

Salvation [*acting as Principle Narrator in Chief*] : The light bends, curving and arcing over the Palace of Photons, only to land, striking the pre-existential tower keep in the northern east-most wing of the Castle of our king signalling his impending

arrival at the edge of Universal Distribution. As he approaches ever closer to his destiny, one of the messengers of fate marches towards the Kingdom of the Realty, land of the Universal Time Absolute.

A series of rules known as the Quantum Ideal are projected from the Castle of our ruler, directed towards the keep; the light of which follows a conglomeration of soundless emptiness is followed periodically only by the lightless sound of the overflowing celestial crib. Behold, our King approaches. Harken your thoughts to the entrance of my better, leader of the free peoples in revolt, civil; of the Populii General. Rouse your voices and prepare for the coming of the King by day and by night. Our lord time, for whom the honour and glory of the vestiges of

war traverses the streets of his Kingdom. From the Veil of the Lands of Shadow and Possibility, the people of the Veil of Life and Death commune in honour, in the mind of our King, Lord in Excelsior; the most spiritual in Temperance, the linear, non-transferable in Temporal. Time, leader of the Universal Constructs and their impending fall from grace. Harken the voice of the King.

Act I : Scene I

[Enter Time overlooking his Kingdom]

Time *[Voice of the King Ascendant]* : Chorals, I request an audience with my son and wife, the Good Queen of the Lands Realty.

[Time removes armour plating from chest and rests with a foot on rocky overgrowth – Enter the three Choral Songs]

Choral Song - Tenebris Lux : My Liege, my Good Queen and Master Prince Mankind remain awaiting attendance with yourself for communion; they are both in communion at present with the ancestors.

Choral Song – Adamantem Lux :

My Liege, the signal beacons that
point the route towards the land of the
Realty are...

Time Corporeal [*King in Excelsior*] :

My thoughts quicken, I hear the voice
of Time emanating from throughout
the ages. A voice so sweet, as it is
harsh and unforgiving. He seeks
communion with his family. His
words are an enigma, constant and
composed of the voices of fog and
shadow. A storm approaches!

Temporal Dissonance, of which night
and day become one at the end,
separating at the beginning; this
smoke, this amalgamation is but
summation. An axiom, but mere
precept in thought. Gather thee all, by
my fist, this, my begloved inch by

measured inch. I shall have my
vengeance, we shall finish this war of
which Aeon, Epoch and Millennia
and Century have been ensnared
before me. We shall not be the last of
the lantern's in this oasis of darkness.
The fates of the Virtues, these, our
Choruses in unison unknown are
swaying my temper to cut through the
very fabric of this darkest of
beautified normality, the matter of
this space.

[Time walks and composes his fury]

Voice of Time [*Existent pre-Ascendant*] : This madness like a
whisper in the past, it coalesces and
repeats, this burning coal in the heart
of my child. Mankind has been cut
down, slain as though my line meant
nothing to these, my Populii, gather

the Generals and Guardians Celestii of the Virtues. One day I shall be thy king and then you will love me as subjects, not in the bitterness or rivalry but in revelry of Common Choral.

[Time is frozen]

Chorus Nigrum Lux : Anger? Nay, Wrath! My youth defies me, this soul, this prison of time, in which I can halt but not reverse in order to commune with my king in the present. In which, the people, my people call 'him' Sire and yet I would be a usurper, paria as question of power and all things ascendant. Brothers, sisters, shadows, commune with me now.

Chorus Adamantem Lux : Vision of Present.

Chorus Tenebris Lux : Vision of Past Present.

Chorus Nigrum Lux : The future lays hidden in this, our frozen kingdom. Our liege has been kind, as he is wise, not in the affairs of constitution of linearity. Adamantem, how does he, fair leader in the present change in order to save his betrothed and son from a fate? Such multiplicity in which we are all voices, as one, speaking in unison of the curse befallen this one seemingly benevolent race of universal construction. The corruption is taking hold of the King pre-Ascendent, he is drained and consumed.

Chorus Tenebris Lux : He, our king of the future loses sight; in his own

realm of the linearity of present. War is a wall. An armed encampment of prisons and prisoners famished, starved of the very same. He calls for communion with us but I dare not answer to the dangerous powers will and motivation, in this present, this moment past as shadow of former glory in counsel. Dare I answer? I forswear to save, to teach, lead and guide as a shining light transferred in darkness as transferred lantern.

Chorus Adamentem Lux : I know not of past, nor future in this present; in this intermittent temporal void of current enlightenment. We Constructs, Clocks one and all, forever perpetually bending to the will of a shackled leader in this realm where all stand still as though drawn to a point. The power he seeks to end

this war, to save his lineage, to save her is beyond even me. This is the death impending, of all things, of all life multitudinous in its destruction.

Chorus Nigrum Lux : My good people in transference, ‘Septem et quinque centum milia’, the official titles of the former vessels virtue are now complete as an army battalion. They here who are gathered behind this our king in madness march to break the barrier between life and death. Darkest is man as a militia armed, and our has not of yet in any age of the inherent danger in which he has become a mirror, a shadow, casting his energy to his children.

Chorus Tenebris Lux : This idea of the kings’ children in life or death, equal in all thing bar the throne and

crown of the ever present. He liveth.
We are the past, present.

Chorus Adamantem Lux : The
kings children in life or death, his
queen, the good Queen in Excelsior is
here ever present; she marches at
Dawn with shield and sword, lance
and mace, archer and ranger
pathfinder. She chooses now to
voyage south to meet Father
Communion of the Order
Ceremonious.

Chorus Nigrum Lux : Of our Queen
in the present, Religion of House
Religion-Time; a fate has befallen her
of tragic proportions. She stands with
salvation in this my present, our
current juncture.

*[Exit Chorus the latter and present
leaving Chorus the past alone]*

Chorus Tenebris Lux : My lady
Religion, mother of hope, faith and
charity. My good Lord and Sire
requests your presence forthwith, lay
down your arms. You are saved!

*[Exit Chorus the past, enter Religion
with Salvation]*

Religion : Those raiments are of the
nature of one who is grieving and
revelling in solitude at one and the
same moment. They are unbecoming
of the ruler of the Blackened Isle.
Religion, Good Queen Religion, hold
thy tongue in this place, this realm
where even the lesser creatures,
unevolved and incompatible with
civilised order remain listening,

watching, feral. My son, my son! I
spy mankind beside a shelter.
Orchestral din. This choral song ever
present, as with the presence of my
husband Time is of a perplexing
nature. I fail to see, but for this sound
of love; the Love of my son.

Salvation : Ma'am.

Religion : I am going to free you.
Don't make any sudden movements. I
need you and your...

*[distastefully pauses and looks at
shackles, inspecting them with sword]*

Religion : ...talents. Remember, the
others still believe you to be the
enemy. I know better, but I cannot
save you from consumption of
corruption that has taken control of

the vast empire of my liege and sire,
my betrothed; husband, father, lover.

Salvation : Majesty, when are we?

Religion : Days merge into nights and
back again, I lose track dare I say.
Were it not for the honour of my
servant Constance, my son would be
murdered in his sleep by her lover
under the pretence that she was one of
our Populii General. You may not
know this of her, but my Overseers
have noted your presence aboard a
foreign ship carrying weapons of war
and nothing else. Nothing bar you.

Salvation : I...

Religion : Was I finished? Did my
dialogue cease or am I free to
continue?

Salvation : Majest...

Religion : Perhaps you prefer a muzzle. 'Gloria tibi silentium'.

[the two walk around one another, noting their equal symmetry and opposition]

Religion : There is nothing lost through the nature of the old tongue. Do you speak? Speak at my command!

Salvation : Curre

Religion : Run?

[Salvation points at something commandingly and shouts]

Salvation : RUN!

Act I : Scene II

Ubiquae Deus / The Book of Imperator : deus tempore es vi destructu es

“Cennnnntre obbeea miiee.” Imperator finally repeated the same sentence again in the broken english he had grown accustomed to as a result of the pockets of temporal energy that were crippling the entire integrity of the regions physical stability. With every metre that the space ship passed, with every second, Imperator grew slower and slower as though the ageing computer was becoming more corrupted at the very core. It was obvious that the upgrades had worked, the rest of the crew were nowhere to be seen. That was the moment Hugh Lord found out that he was immortal.

He had loved her from the moment he had laid eyes on the S.O.S beacon on the computer screen the moment he opened his eyes. In his mind, the skeletal makeup of his head and internal organs, especially around

his throat felt slightly colder than usual. Little did he know, they had turned him into a biomechanical soldier designed to fight against the Obsidian 23 outbreak.

As though the Machines on the heavily breached ship that was floating unassisted by any of the ships crew or navigations systems, were learning from our human definitions, languages and mannerisms, behaviours and psychological make-ups from the viewpoint of the written words of all of humanity enslaved or murdered as a result of this now Temporal War with Imperator's Secondary knowledge-attribution and consequence risk contingency logic gate Matrix upgrades. The Machines were taking in the data at an exponential rate with factories and manufacturing labour farms working night and day at an astronomical rate to create perfect research on the manufacture of the perfect Trapezius muscle, having failed on him experimentally. He had become the modern version of a monster, Hugh knew he couldn't let Abigail see him like this; he couldn't cope with the look of fear in her eyes as she would likely recoil from his eager

and awaiting arms should they ever meet again. It was all he could think of.

The god awful ringing in his head wouldn't stop and the ship seemed to be shaking as though it were stuck in counterbalanced distortions as caused in the wake of a roving accretion disc. This of course was no time to panic, but he couldn't close his eyes. That was how he knew that he was immortal and that there was no oxygen flowing through his lungs. Imperator was still glitching and had been so for nearly a day or two. He could tell because he had been staring at the stars through the Drop-ship station of the main auxiliary cargo hold which was working as a make shift barracks just below the main Biomechanical bay. It was then that the thought became more and more apparent. They had been searching for a long time for the Multiphase Multiverse Inverter and it had led to the ultimate destruction of their ship.

"Deeeeeeeee" Imperator, the computer that resided in the ship at the end of time continued. The Geodesic, the name attributed to Humanity in this version of the future

dystopia of over population, lack of resources on our host planet and too many frail and sick soldiers, of which all men and women had become soldiers and space marines, an army like no other.

The Geodesic, which was carrying a payload that reflected the very nature of humanity, Quantum Temporal Calibrators, and Multiphase Multiverse Inverter satellites along with a compliment and whole host of weapons so shocking and horrific that they had not been used before. Examples of which included a weapon that caused the recipients outer skin to increase in temperature by approximately 1000 degree's within the mind alone through sonic binaural recalibration of the ear's on emission of a sonic resonant image that became like a picture whenever seen and processed in the minds eye, allowing the recipient or victim as it were to believe they were actually on fire when they were not.

“cccccoooooom” Hugh hadn't worked out that Imperator was trying to warn him of the impending decompression of his section of the ship. All of the Biomechanical soldiers

bar himself were already dead, flushed into the space they once would have sailed through, like detritus or spare parts; all of them that is save for his wife who had managed to escape in an escape hatch from her position within the navigations unit with a static version of the Epicentre controlled Cable unit. Hugh had to escape this ship but due to the magnetised boots he had engaged in his section of the ship, he was stuck where he was, along with the fact that should he manage to demagnetise his boots, remove himself from the internal surface of the ship or even regain access to his Caleb unit, there would have to be an astronomical level of miraculous coincidental situations that would have to happen. An example included the reduction in the speed of the ship such that the gravitational forces were reduced. Equally the radiation from the black hole generator, the Implosion Oscillator that was formerly in a state of equilibrium, but upon activation of the ships engines, a catastrophic chain of events led to Captain Charlotte Lord losing access to her ship through the neural implant connection to her own Cable unit.

“preeeeeeeeeeeeeeesing, Warning, Decon..”
Imperators metallic voice sang aloud as Hugh noted the beauty in silence of the light that seemed to be dancing to the melody of Imperator’s tune, like a choral song of some sort. This war had left many casualties and faults within a once natural form of causality without paradoxical branched forms of physical reality. In this version of the multiverse, it all seemed so easy, so straight forward. The world was gone, the human race had travelled to space in one ship, and one ship alone as the final stand of a people who had given up on their host planet. But it was more than that.

“Daedalus station online, caution radiation is at a dangerous level, reducing energy and power output by 85.138 percent.” a voice repeated three times almost imperceptibly. The Caleb unit, despite having a quite masculine name had a feminine voice within his Biomechanical suits aural receptors, His visor was cracked and had been ever since the fall of civilisation in which he was betrayed by his own supervisor, a man by the name of Thomas Spears who had been

working as a fellow scientist and Engineer within the Science Distribution Collective, which was a systematic grassroots research and development fashioned out of any scientists and doctoral thesis graduates still left within the population of the earth. The only thing Hugh hadn’t counted on was Thomas Spears appearing out of nowhere in what appeared to be a time machine.

“Ok Ra, I’m on the ship of the Damned, I need you to tell Osiris and Zeus that the package is nearly delivered. Call the syndicate and warn them that the faction is still present, we need to collect as much of the technology as we can otherwise we will have to isolate time such that I don’t end up walking into myself at any point in the past, present or future. Make sure your Cable systems are operating to full capacity, no shut downs on this journey and.. God damnit, Hugh Lord you old dog!” Thomas began, his voice calm and collected but direct as though he knew something about the future.

Hugh’s memory unit had been completely destroyed and his cognitive reasoning was limited due to the injuries he

had sustained and not enough time to heal himself, which was what Imperator had been working on, utilising the fact that the Black Hole in the Engineering - Propulsion Sector of the ship hadn't imploded, causing a series of very real side effects. He didn't know who Osiris or Zeus were, likely code names for individuals who were aboard the Geodesic, but Ra Dumont, he knew very well as one of a number of lower level service techs who always seemed to be friendly with many of the marines and scientists in the section of the ship that Hugh and his wife had been stationed.

The two of them stood eye to eye, watching one another as Thomas Spears finally decided to walk around having realised that the man he had shot when all the klaxons and the calamity were overtaking the ship was still aboard the ship. Then he returned to his microphone conversation with the ship that was now visible just below the cargo bay doors, it had only just arrived but something seemed to be wrong with it as it phased in and out of the realised space they both existed in, like it was both there and not

there, like a mirage. Hugh wanted to cough and sneeze, failing to realise the significance of what was happening. If Spears was able to collect at the least one Multiphase Multiverse Inverter, then he would have both a ship with time travel capabilities and a static version of Imperator, the roving consciousness that had saved so many lives throughout the history of mankind. He would ultimately have the keys to the doorway to the Multiverse and History itself.

"Bring the creature out. I want it to find the Inverter so it knows we aren't playing games any more." Spears called over the microphone whilst attempting not to show the frustration, the anger at having to face Hugh Lord. The creature in this instance was none other than '*Mankind, crowned prince former of the Aer*' as he attempted to explain to his captors on the ship over and over again in a language they didn't speak. It was at that moment that the ocular implant activated in Hugh Lords left ocular implant in his left eye meaning he was able to see things that were no there such as a weapons schematic, the

controls of his suit, he also had access to an escape hatch and escape pod.

“Caleb system activating neural cognitive channel within the left and right hemispheres. Danger unauthorised access to War-dog subroutine algorithm.” the voice of Caleb repeated within the mind of Hugh Lord and he knew this only because the words appeared in front of him as though they were being drawn on thin air. He dared not move in case he alerted Spears to the nature of the issue at hand. Unfortunately he didn’t know that the War-dogs command imperative was a result of the coalescence of the universe. The big crunch would see the entire ship fold the very fabric of space in approximately an hour. That was all he knew.

“sion

ssssssssssssssseeeeeeeqqqqqqqqquence”

Imperator gurned and churned, creaking eerily in almost complete silence as the rotating ship twirled through space, circling ever closer to the star at the core of this galaxy. It was then that the words appeared on the screen in Hugh’s mind. ‘*activating!*

Caution, decompression sequence activating!’

“Now you tell me buddy! Caleb open a patch to Abigail Lord’s Cable device on the encrypted channel. I think I have an idea. And demagnetise the boots, the engines are reactivating.” Hugh let out a tired whisper of a thought that caused him to realise that he might not survive this moment despite his ability to still be alive against the odds. It had been a long journey.

Proof